RISING UP ANGRY

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GOVERNMENT IN TROUBLE

THE ECONOMY

INDOCHINA

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GOVERNMENT IN TROUBLE

Political espionage, dirty tricks, blackmail, corruption, burglary, arrogance, lying, and dictatorial government on the part of Nixon and his regime have become headlines because of the Watergate hearings. But this had been going on for a long time before the Watergate burglary and the implications are far greater than an attempt by an egotistical President to gain more votes.

WATERGATE

First, let's summarize some of the things that have come out as a result of the Watergate hearings.

• It's apparent that Richard Nixon does not trust very many people. Few people in the White House had very much contact with him and even fewer people were allowed to make any decisions. Nixon isolates himself from all but a chosen few loyal aides and he takes advice from almost no one. It was this small circle - mainly Nixon, Haldeman, and Erlichman - that made all decisions, including decisions concerning the campaign.

• Nixon is so paranoid about demonstrations that his security people would go to extreme measures to make sure that Nixon never saw or heard any protesters. Once, there was a single picketer with a large sign in the park across the street from the White House. Nixon freaked out and demanded that he be removed. One aide suggested that they get some thugs to beat him up, but the situation was dealt with by Secret Service and Park police.

• Nixon was convinced that all the demonstrations were funded by the McGovern campaign and by foreign communist governments. In order to prove this, Nixon set up an elaborate spy system and also bugged everyone he could think of. When the spies could not find any proof of foreign government involvement in the demonstrations, Nixon fired them as incompetents. It's kind of like the king who sent three of his loyal subjects out to check the weather. The first came back and said it was raining. The King had him beheaded. The second came back and said that it was raining. The King had him beheaded. The third, seeing what happened to the first two, told the King that the sun was shining. The King made him Chief-of-staff.

• Nixon had an "enemy list" made up of everyone he disagreed with. This list included newsmen, politicians, movie stars, and others from every walk of life. The purpose of this list was to use the power of the White House to "make things difficult" for these people.

• Money is no object for Richard Nixon. When John Dean told him that it would take $1 million to silence the Watergate burglars, Nixon replied that $1 million would not be difficult to raise.

• Nixon utilized every section of government within his power to achieve his ends. Some of the people and agencies already implicated in Nixon's illegal schemes are: General Cushman, formerly deputy director of the CIA and presently Commandante of the Marines; L. Patrick Gray, director of the FBI; two Attorney-Generals, Mitchell and Kleindeist; and all the resources of the agencies that these men were in charge of. In effect, this put tremendous power in the hands of Nixon with no one able to check on him. Once these men participated in Nixon's schemes it was difficult to back out because they were already in over their heads.

• Nixon had a group of people whose job it was to play "dirty tricks" on anyone that Nixon didn't like. Some of these "tricks" included leaking phony material on Muskie's, McGovern's, and Humphrey's sex lives; writing a phony letter to the Manchester Guardian quoting Muskie as making a racist remark; doctoring up public opinion polls; hiring people for support demonstrations; hiring thugs to attack anti-war demonstrations; and on and on.

Since the uncovering of all this information, Nixon himself has had little to say. As a matter of fact, it's been a year since he personally answered questions from the press. Many of his press statements have proven to be lies and no one can believe anything that Nixon says.

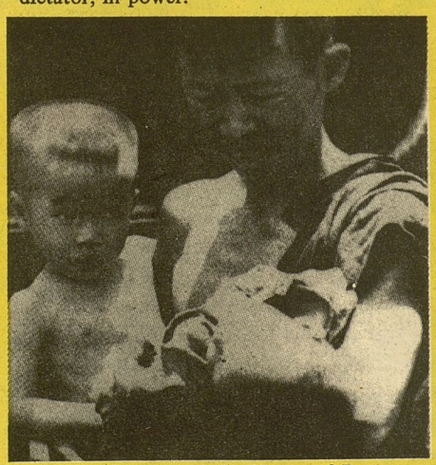
The presidential election was clearly rigged and it should be declared null and void. But Nixon has been dishonest in more instances than the election campaign. "Watergating" is a method of operation in every aspect of Nixon's work.

INDOCHINA

Nixon's biggest lies, his dirtiest deals, his most immoral and illegal acts, and his most blatant disregard for human life has been the handling of the Indochina War. When elected in 1968, Nixon promised to end the war. After 4 years of bombing schools and hospitals, Nixon claimed to have peace right around the corner.

Immediately after the election, Nixon increased the bombing in Vietnam to the highest level in the history of the war.

At the end of January, a Vietnam ceasefire was signed. The POW's came home and Nixon claimed himself to be a great peacemaker. But if you take a look at what's happening, you can see that the war continues. The bombing of Cambodia has intensified as the criticisms of the bombing have increased. The liberation forces in Cambodia have taken control of almost the whole country, but Nixon continues to try to keep Lon Nol, a corrupt dictator, in power.



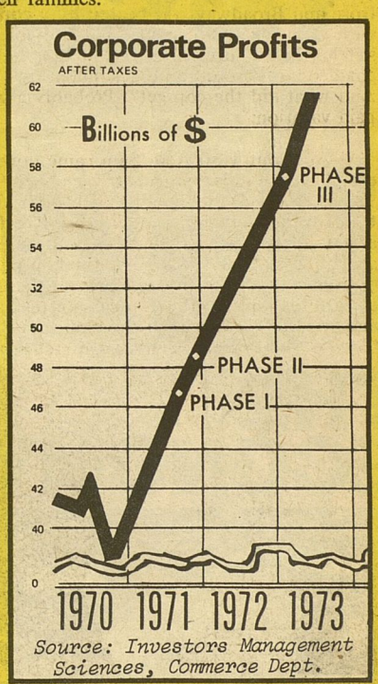
The Senate and the House of Representatives have both passed resolutions to stop the bombing of Cambodia, but Nixon pays no attention. When finally pushed up against the wall, Nixon agreed to continue the bombing only until August 15. In the meantime, he's increased the bombing to its highest point ever.

Many people are calling this a "constitutional crisis" because the president refuses to listen to Congress. That's one name for it - another name is Fascism. Nixon is murdering thousands of people in Cambodia while the American people and even the Congress have clearly told him to stop. This clearly fits in with what we've learned from the Watergate hearings.

ECONOMY

The Watergate hearings have disclosed that millions of dollars were received by Nixon for his campaign from the owners of all the major corporations. Without the support of these large corporations, Nixon would not be able to finance his illegal activities or his election campaign at all. It's clear whose economic interests Nixon represents.

Corporate profits have increased by more than 50 per cent in the last 3 years. Each phase of Nixon's economic policy has meant increased profits for the large corporations. At the same time, money toward social service programs and community development has been decreased or totally eliminated. Inflation has increased so that most families can barely afford the price of food. Wages have been frozen, rents have increased, and the general economic situation gets worse for the working people and their families.



Nixon froze the price of meat after it reached its highest price ever. He's attacked the right to strike as unpatriotic. The boards and committees that have been set up are a tool of big business. In every way, the Nixon economic policy hurts the people and helps Nixon and the big corporations.

The handling of the economy and the handling of the war in Indochina has been the same as the handling of the election campaign. Nixon listens to no one except his small clique of cronies who always agree with him; there's no concern for the people; and the super-rich have overwhelming influence. The explanations always contain lies and cliches about God and patriotism. Congress and all the other politicians are hesitant to do anything about it because they tend to be corrupt themselves. The government's in trouble and the only long-range solution is people's power.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

BROTHER "BOOGIE" LIVES

There's been a lot of gang banging going on around 18th St. for a long time. About five or six months ago a group of people who see the uselessness of all the hassles and killings decided to get themselves and their brothers and sisters together. One of these brothers was David "Boogie" Gonzalez. On Tuesday night, June 19, Boogie died trying to keep this peace.

Boogie was a true servant of the people and he had great love for his brothers and sisters. It was this love that drove him and the other people from Centro De La Causa to get a peace treaty going between most of the gangs around the West side. The treaty has been going good for about six months, due mainly to the hard work of a lot of people to keep things cools.

Gang banging has been dividing the community and claiming the lives of many fine brothers and sisters for many years. One thing that the treaty did was to let people cool down and look at each other in a different way – as brothers and sisters of the community, not as enemies.

Tuesday night, June 19th, Boogie tried to cool things out between two clubs who were about to get it on. He was trying to keep the treaty and the community together when the shooting broke out. Boogie was killed and six other brothers were wounded.

Boogie's death hit a lot of people really hard and some of them wanted to retaliate with more shooting and killing. Instead, his friends decided the best way to honor Boogie was to make sure he had not died in vain. On Tuesday, June 22, there was a memorial march in Boogie's honor. It went from Dvorak Park to Harrison (Zapata) Park right down the middle of 18th St.

At Harrison Park people who knew Boogie talked about him and the work he had done to strengthen and unify the community. They asked people to keep the peace in memory of Boogie.

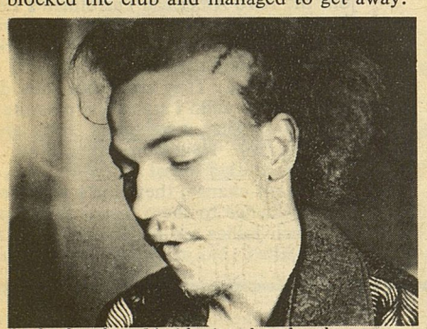
Boogie is dead, but his work lives on. Boogie, a servant of the people, struggled for his brothers and sisters; now they must struggle to keep his spirit alive.

VIVA BOOGIE
ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

14 STITCHES FOR WATCHING A FIRE

In the early morning hours of June 27th, Brother Sam Wachowiak from Montrose and Broadway was beaten by a cop with the badge number of 8474 and got 14 stitches in the head. For this beating he was charged with assault and resisting arrest. And what did the cop get? Probably a week paid vacation.

At about 1:30 A.M. Sam came down to the alley from his apartment because there was a fire across the alley. A cop told him to leave the alley and Sam explained to the officer that he lived right there and he had a right to stay. At this point the cop pulled out his club and Sam went through the gate toward his house. The cop came after Sam and tried to hit him with the club, but Sam blocked the club and managed to get away.


Brother Sam shows 14 stiches it took to close the cut on his head, he received from a police clubbing.

Later on that night, when Sam returned home, the police were bothering some people on his front porch. The same policeman pointed out Sam and said that he was a troublemaker and should get his ass kicked. And that's just what this brutal maniac started to do. He started swinging his club, hitting a lady bystander in the breast and also hitting Sam in the head. Sam got away again and soon after was caught by two detectives after a chase that involved most of the other pigs pulling out their guns and a couple of them falling and tripping.

When Sam got caught by the detectives he was beaten some more. This kind of thing happens too much and it's one reason why we need community control of the police. If the police lived in the neighborhood they probably wouldn't be so quick to swing their clubs.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

IT TOOK 3 YEARS TO FIND A GOOD DOCTOR

Viola Miller, from the southside of Waukegan, is a member of the Mother Jones Food Co-op. For the past three years she and her daughter, Melanie, have suffered because of the profit-oriented, greedy, and inhumane health care system that exists in this country.

When Melanie was in the first grade she had a bad case of chicken pox which kept her out of school for five weeks. She lost energy, weight and appetite. The situation got worse and after a couple of months Melanie would have spells that would last for one or two days in which she couldn't get out of bed, couldn't eat or drink, and could not go to the bathroom.

Mrs. Miller was very worried and she took Melanie to the family doctor. The doctor prescribed vitamins, saying that the situation was merely a "run-down condition". The vitamins did no good, the spells continued, and the pains became worse. When Melanie returned to the doctor two weeks later, he prescribed another medicine, this time something to line the stomach to retain food. This medication did not help either.

Becoming very frustrated, Mrs. Miller took her daughter to a specialist. He didn't take any tests; he just listened to the symptoms and prescribed another medicine. This seemed to help at first but three weeks later Melanie was back to the specialist, but still there was no improvement in her condition.

Melanie's condition continued to grow worse until it got to the point where she couldn't walk. She went to a Navy doctor who said that there was nothing wrong and that Melanie was only pretending. Mrs. Miller, angered at this doctor's incompetence and lack of concern, refused to pay.

The next disappointment came when Mrs. Miller took Melanie to out-patient at St. Therese Hospital. They examined her chest, ears, nose and throat and charged her $15.00 to tell her that Melanie needed rest and another $15.00 for the use of the examining room.

Mrs. Miller then decided to go back to the family doctor. She asked him to put Melanie in the hospital for a thorough check-up and tests. He said that he could do the necessary tests in his office and he refused to refer them to a specialist. Instead, he gave Melanie a shot of penicillin and said to call back in two weeks if it didn't help. It didn't help and they returned to his office only to find out that he was in Italy on vacation.

The doctor who replaced the regular family doctor examined Melanie and decided to put her in the hospital for tests. He kept her in the hospital for a week and took a chest X-ray and blood tests. While in the hospital, Melanie couldn't control her bowels, but the hospital couldn't find a test to figure out why a nine-year old girl couldn't control her bowels. So, after a week, Melanie was sent home and her condition remained the same.

Mrs. Miller continued to take Melanie to different doctors, hoping that someone could be of some help. Finally, after three years of frustration and aggravation, they found one doctor who cared more about the health of his patient than the profit that he would make. He was the first doctor to examine Melanie's stomach. He found a large knot which was causing the pain. Her bowels had backed up into her stomach and hardened into a lump which was too large to pass. With a correct diagnosis, a correct medicine was then prescribed.

This doctor was able to solve the problem because he had a good attitude. He even calls Melanie to find out how she's feeling and he explains what he's doing so that Melanie will understand. She is now eating well and has already gained 12 pounds.

Many people can sympathize with the experiences of the Miller family because similar things are happening everywhere. It took three years of misery and pain of a young child in addition to the torment of a loving mother before they could find a doctor who cared. Should a good doctor be that hard to find?

RENAULT ROBINSON
A CHICAGO POLICEMAN TALKS ABOUT THE FORCE

On the Chicago Police Force:

In recent months we have heard about a lot of policemen in Chicago getting busted. The crimes include taking bribes from traffic violators, charging protection fees from tavern owners, selling narcotics, and murder. Since March 1972, more than 70 cops have been indicted. And recently in the news there was a report that Renault Robinson, head of the Afro-American Patrolmen's League (AAPL), had been cracked on the south side for interfering with a police officer. Recently, Rising Up Angry had an opportunity to hear Renault talk about his bust and about the police force in general. We think our readers will find what he had to say pretty interesting, especially in these times when people throughout Chicago and America are beginning to raise the demand: "We Need Community Control of the Police!"

On His Bust: "A funny thing happened to me on the way home from work the other day. I saw a white policeman beating a black woman who was handcuffed. I went over to him to find out what was going on and to get him to stop beating this woman. He said 'get out of my way or I'll beat you you.' I said no you won't and showed him my badge. He said:' 'That don't mean anything, I'm gonna punch you.' I said no you won't, and he didn't, because by that time there were 2 to 300 black folks there, and it was the people who stopped him from beating her, and the people protected me. The people had faith in our organization (Afro-American Patrolmen's League) for what they're trying to do from the inside."

"When I went to the station to file a complaint against this cop for beating the woman, the watchcommander and the guy from the State's Attorney's office turned around and busted me."

On Cops In Court: "I've been on the force 9 years, and I've watched a lot of cops in court. When we were rookies they said go sit in court and see what you're supposed to do. I did. You learn to say ABC, not ACB. But if the money is right, you say AXQ. You learn what to say. . . . We (the police) start off with five points, and the defendent starts off with minus five. . . .Now when a rookie comes in the judge and the state's attorney get to flex their muscles, they get to pretend they're honest. And the rookie cop, who doesn't know any better yet, tries to be honest and just do his job, and he gets laughed at. He learns pretty quick how it really works."

On The Blue Flu (Police All At Once Calling In Sick As A Tactic To Get Higher Pay): "Daley stopped that short. First of all he said we're going to send a doctor with a sargeant to every officer's house who calls in sick, and if he isn't sick he'll be fired. And the other thing he did was talk about tighter controls and regulations, which would mean no more hustles, like selling stickers to stores, certain kinds of bribes and payoffs. . . .It worked. The guys wanted their hustles, their many little rip offs from the people. They went to work. That ended the Blue Flu. "

On Command Positions In The Department: "Now this is nothing against the Irish brothers and sisters, just a fact. Eighty per cent of the command force in the Chicago Police Department is Irish. Only fifteen per cent of Chicago's population is Irish. In the police force, they run it."

On People Joining Up to Change From The Inside: "I wouldn't suggest joining to change from within. We're not going to change it from within, we're not going to be able to take it over. First of all it's hard to get in; you don't get on the force because you've got an education; you get on because you know somebody."

On His Own Career, How He Changed, And What The Afro-American Patrolmen's League Does: "I was in vice and gambling , I had clout; I didn't wear a uniform; I did all the wrong things. I didn't join to lock the bad guys up. But then I began to see what I was doing, what the police force was doing. I began to care about the people. I got a social consciousness."

"The more I got into caring, the more I began to speak up, and the more they tried to knock me down, get me out of the picture, fire me or get me to quit. Now I'm the boss of the alley, assigned to the beat in the alley behind the main police headquarters at 11th and State. . . . Don't laugh, that's the highest crime rate area in the city!"

"I'm like a conflict of interest. The AAPL is like a cinder floating through the air that gets in the police department's eye. When he rubs his eye, it cuts; the more he rubs, the more it cuts. We're trying to inform people on the outside, what's going on in the inside. We're not for ourselves, we're for change. If Bobby Rush from the Black Panther Party says the police are mean and brutal, a lot of people don't believe it. If we say it, a lot of people listen, and the Department says: 'get rid of him.' "

"One thing I learned growing up in Chicago is that you can run, but you can't hide. You've got to stand up. That's what we're doing. It's tough keeping my job, and eventually they'll get me, but a lot of people are going to be a lot wiser about the police and what they're really like, what they're really all about, before I go."

On White Policemen: "There are some white cops who want to be honest, who want change. Black cops are more concerned, but there are whites who care too. Some white guys came to us and asked to join the Afro-American Patrolmen's League. They weren't Afro-Americans, so we suggested if they wanted to help bring about change, to start their own group, and we'd help out. They tried, but they didn't last. They couldn't stand the pressure from their own. They were called fruits and nigger lovers. They were called these things because a lot of the white cops don't want change, they don't want reform. Change to them means they can't take their jollies out on blacks, latins and poor whites. No, they don't want change."

SUMMERDALE ROOKIE STARTS POLICE RIOT

On Friday evening, June 8th, a lot of sisters and brothers were at Bobo's Drive–In at Western and Ainslie on Chicago's north side. Across the street there was a carnival at St. Matthias Catholic Church. According to people who were there, two sisters who were friends got into a fight with each other. Several people were cooling it out, but a rookie cop assigned to the carnival came over and took it upon himself to handle the dispute going on between people who knew each other and were already taking care of things.

When the officer involved proceeded to get rough with the people, the people responded likewise! The officer, like many of his kind, had to have the upper hand, even if it meant creating a huge scene when a scene was avoidable and, when in fact, the people were doing a good job of handling their own problems and had things under control. The officer made an "officer in distress" call. The result was more than 40 policemen showing up and using the people at Bobo's as practice in the sadistic art of beating with nightsticks. Everyone we talked to pointed out that it was the young cops who were the most aggressive and brutal.

By the time things ended for the evening, ten people were busted. Three of them were busted when they came to bail their brothers out, being charged, along with another brother, in a case of mistaken identity for the beating of a man. Dig that – they go to bail out their friends, get stuck in a line-up along with some of the people busted at the carnival, and get stuck with a phoney aggravated battery rap. These four brothers were John Burke, Mike Serna, Tom Doherty and Steven Grencik.

Several good things resulted from all the hassle: A lot of families and friends saw what the police are really like, and many of them came down to the 20th district station (Summerdale–Foster Ave.) to protest police brutality. Also, a number of people learned something about these young rookies who get high and have long hair and mustaches. They might look pretty hip (except for the uniform) but a lot of them are just as bad or worse than the old line tough guys who are always pushing people around. Maybe these cops think that they're better than everybody else, maybe they watch too many cop shows on television. Whatever the reason is, one thing is clear – we need community control of police.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

AVONDALE PARK

Very early on Sunday morning June 10th, about 10 people were rapping in front of Avondale Park at 3516 W. School on Chicago's northwest side. Some police officers from the 17th district came by, including officers Quovella and the rookie Kinnas. The usual "you have to go" followed. Dick Zawada began talking to the police, explaining that they were just talking. Kinnas came on gung ho, and when someone in the group said "look at the rookie," he freaked and took to hitting Dick. Another brother, Victor Zalewski, tried to stop him from beating Dick, and Kinnas started beating on Victor's arm that was broken and had a cast on it.

Eventually five people were arrested. In addition to Dick and Victor, Tom Ostrowski was hit after he was handcuffed, escaped, but then caught. Bobby Zaprazalka was busted after he tried to pick up the mirror from his car that one of the cops intentionally broke off. And Ken Chamberlin, who happened to be walking through the park yard with a woman, was also arrested.

Later on, brother John Simons and sister Dawn Dickero went to the 17th district station to bail their people out. John was thrown down the stairs by Officer Quovella.

This is just another example of how the so-called keepers of the peace, the police, show no respect for the people. They bungle their job and turn small encounters into big scenes. They think that because they have connections and can get the fourteen grand a year job (plus all they can rip off from the people), that they can act like god. While there are certainly some police who just try and do a job and don't hassle the people, their numbers are not great. Many of the young rookie cops, like Kinnas, are out to make a rep, and think that they are some kind of law and order supermen heroes who can trample on the peoples' rights. This kind of uncalled for, unnecessary, sadistic and brutal behavior must be stopped.

NEW YORK (LNS)–A recent study shows that it is even more dangerous for their babies if pregnant mothers are on methadone than if they are on heroin.

The study, conducted by New York pediatrician Carl Zelson, involved 46 babies born to methadone-addicted mothers and 45 babies born to heroin-addicted mothers. Twenty of the methodone babies required withdrawal treatment while six of the heroin babies did. The methadone babies also needed longer periods of treatment for withdrawal.

Many of the methadone babies were born underweight and both sets of babies showed abnormal sleep patterns.

HOW MANY TREES IN A BIG MAC???

A University of Illinois engineering professor recently calculated that it takes a sustained yield of 315 square miles of forest to keep McDonald's supplied with its boxes, wrappings, bags, napkins, straws, individual sugars, salts, peppers, etc., etc., for one year.

BRIDGEPORT DANCE

On Saturday night, June 16, the people of Bridgeport got together and had a great time at a dance put on by Bridgeport Youth in Action. Over 200 people and two great people's bands, Killin' Floor and Oaken Shield made the evening an overwhelming success.

A lot of things combined to make the dance such a good time. The group that got the dance together, Bridgeport Youth in Action, had everything running smoothly. The hall was nicely decorated and there were plenty of free refreshments for everyone. This was the first time any of us put on a dance, and because of the hard work we put into it, it worked out fine.

The people who came to the dance were out of sight. There were no fights or hassles and people were cool about bringing booze and dope into the hall. A lot of people didn't think the dance would be any good, but we showed them how good things can be if people work together on it.

This first dance was so great that we want to get another one together soon, but that isn't all we want to do. Besides sponsoring dances we want to get the community together and offer alternatives to the problem that more and more young people are facing all the time – the problem of having "nothing to do". With unemployment rising and school being such a drag, a lot of times there is nothing to do.

We showed the people in the neighborhood that we can get things together in the neighborhood, but it takes work and cooperation to do it. Bridgeport Youth in Action would like to thank Killin' Floor and Oaken Shield for cranking out some dynamite jams. We want to thank the people of the church for the hall and their cooperation, and most of all we want to thank the people who came out and made the dance the tremendous success that it was.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

VICTORY FOR TENANTS' UNION

A group of tenants, mostly senior citizens from a building near Cornelia & Addison, have formed a tenants union to insure decent treatment from their landlord. Already the union has had some success.

A few months ago, the building was sold to a new landlord, James O. Hines, who immediately raised the rents as much as 67% in some apartments. This was an impossible increase for tenants who receive as little as $130 a month pension checks.

Through their union and meetings with the landlord, the tenants have forced Hines to return rents to what they were before he bought the building. Additionally, at a meeting on June 28th, the tenants received from the landlord a guarantee that rents will remain at the present level for at least three months, that all repairs will be made within a week and that leases drawn up with the help of the Lakeview Latin American Coalition, which protect the tenants' interests, will be used.

The tenants have been able to win these victories because of their unity. Hines has tried to pit tenant against tenant, has tried to send spies posing as prospective tenants into tenant meetings, and has repeatedly hid in attempts to destroy the tenants union. But none of these tactics have worked and the landlord is beginning to learn that when people are united, in this case senior citizens, they can't be pushed around.

Landlord Jim Hines (right) tries futilely to explain his position to tenants, mainly senior citizens, who already know not to believe him.

STEWART WARNER

On Monday, June 25, a community theater group called "Bread and Roses" performed a play in the street outside Stewart Warner about what goes on inside. They did a beaufiful job and it was great to see everyone either looking out the windows or down on the street digging the play together. It gave the people a real group spirit and it showed how much we all have in common.

Things are going on among the workers about medical care and safety, too, because of what happened to a Black woman named Willie Shakespeare. On June 20, she had reasons for going home early, but the boss wouldn't let her leave. She got upset and collapsed on the assembly line. She was taken to the nurses office but no doctor saw her. As soon as her family arrived, they took her to a hospital. She died the following day at the age of 51.

The whole thing really shook people up, especially because of the lack of medical attention at the factory. A petition has been going around asking for changes, such as

better health and safety conditions, a doctor at the plant 24 hours a day, and transportation to a hospital when it's needed. Over 300 people signed it the very first day, so you can see that things will be changing at Stewarts!

WITH OUR POWER

We are the common people
who have built this country
We are those who labor
with our hands
who you call too stupid to run things
too ignorant to decide
too lazy to be rich
or to live in too nice a house
or apartment.

Now,
Let us tell you something rich man.
We work for you and we know you.
You milk our communities dry.
You divide us, chide us,
live in luxury while we sweat.
But now, rich man,
we are rising
and we are rising up angry.
We will take what is ours and
we will put you in your place
(down with us)
and we will run things
and we will decide.

Power.
With our power we will build our
nation
our communities.
But this time we will build them
for us this time
we are rising
and we are rising up angry

– By Duane Clinker
from O4O Newsletter

O4O is a revolutionary organization in Philadelphia.

LATIN EAGLES

In the past few weeks the Latin Eagles have been harassed twice as bad as usual. Three brothers from this club were arrested on armed robbery charges on the word of some woman named Rosemary who at the slightest provocation sides with the police. Others have court dates waiting on charges of possession, drunken driving, etc. Hopefully, they will walk free, but the police continue to hassle, driving around and snooping all the time in the area between Grace and Addison near Sheffield. The Eagles are good brothers and don't need this hassle. The police should go after the real criminals like the "New Town" landlords, "paid off" aldermen, and themselves.

UNITY IN THE COMMUNITY!
ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Brother Larry Peterman Killed

On May 23, a 20 year old brother from Albany Park, Larry Peterman, was killed near the lake. He was found the next day, stabbed to death more than 20 times.

Three people were picked up and charged with the murder. One of them was cut loose because he agreed to testify against the other 2. The story is that the killing had something to do with downers that the 3 guys thought that Larry had.

About 3 weeks later, some of Larry's friends went out and shot a brother named George because this guy George used to hang around with these people 2 years ago and he had nothing to do with Larry's death. In their anger and frustration, Larry's friends struck out at the closest thing. Now George has a bullet in his foot and the friends of Larry are charged with aggravated assault.

In an attempt to straighten things out, some of Larry's relatives got together with George and his friends. They rapped for about an hour and a half and disagreed on some things - but the important thing was that everybody agreed that George should never have been shot in the first place. As the discussion continued, everyone saw that they had a lot in common and that it would be wrong for anyone else to get hurt because of this situation.

It's really hard to say exactly what will come as a result of the meeting. There are still a lot of hard feelings and a lot of things have happened that can't be forgotten.

But sometimes it's necessary to push things aside for the greater unity among the people. We can't ignore our problems and our feelings, but attacking the wrong enemy makes things worse and not better. It's time

to figure out who it is and what it is that really makes our lives miserable.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

On July 26, 1953 Fidel Castro led a group of revolutionaries in an attack on the Moncada barracks. Even though the attack was unsuccesful, the Cuban people consider this to be an important date in the history of their struggle for freedom. To commemorate the 20th anniver sary of the attack on Moncada, we are printing this article, which was written by Reese Lloyd, who visited Cuba in 1972.

FACTORIES IN CUBA

It is a long way from the steel mills of Gary, Indiana, to the factories of Havana, Cuba. I went to the "First Worker's State in the Americas" with many questions. I was born to the working class and followed my grandfather and my father into the stink, filth, and heat of the steel mills of East Chicago – Gary. And I had gone from there to New Mexico, land of a different culture, history, and economy in which almost all goods are imported while one billion dollars are taken out by U.S. corporations annually, the people remaining impoverished; an economy not unlike that of Cuba before its revolution.

In January and February of last year a conference of North American and Cuban journalists was held in the Republic of Cuba. We visited at length areas of special interest, the villages, schools, day care centers, hospitals, factories in the city. At our request, some of us were allowed to work in those factories, alongside Cuban workers. Our contact with the Cuban reality was as close as the sweat which rose as we worked, talked, ate, joked, relaxed, and worked some more with the Cuban workers.

The Luis Melian factory where I worked used to belong to the Continental Can Company. As in any plant, it was noisy, the cans rattling up and around the conveyors, the stamping machines pounding, wheezing in great exhalation, then pounding down again to stamp more lids. It was a factory like hundreds in the United States; yet unlike them.

For example; twenty-two thousand of us used to enter the Inland Steel plant in East Chicago every day. And left. When we punched out, it was like dropping the ball and keeping the chain; we would be back, by necessity, but that was all. I never met a working person in the mills who believed in the work he did; I never met a working person who DIDN'T believe in the work he did in his home, his basement, or garage or neighborhood, creative work with his own hands. In Cuba that feeling of creating, of contributing something through the work, that belief in the work which is being done, exists inside the work centers and factories, it is constantly sensed, and creates a warm feeling of unity, of comraderie.

At the Fabrica Luis Melian, as in the country at large, there is the sense of this power, of people in control of their own destiny, there is dignity. At the factory, production is high; but there is no such thing as speed-up. It is noisy, but clean. In Gary, steel producing center of the world, we hung our lunches from wires wrapped around pipes to save them from the rats; in Cuba, we ate a full free meal in a clean eating area, with tables and chairs to sit on instead of steps, beams, slabs of steel. In the morning and afternoon, there were breaks in which everyone received milk and a snack; real breaks, not minutely timed breaks of assembly line work in which people sit in a kind of stupor, too exhausted even to talk, waiting to return, like robots, to the frenzied monotony of the line.

One Sunday, two workers we had met, Raul Ruiz and Alfredo Rosado, invited us to spend the afternoon with their families. We took a bus to Raul's home, and it is in such everyday things as riding a bus that the reality of the Cuban revolution is revealed. In Cuba the buses are usually crowded and there are long waiting lines. But in situations like this the Cuban people treat each other with a genuine humanity, a genuine respect. There is no shoving, pushing, elbowing, no hassle in the hottest, most crowded bus, nor in the longest line.

There is respect for a person's humanity, laughter among strangers, no wariness, no sullen suspicion. The Cuban people do not fear one another.

As we left the bus, Alfredo said, "Tomorrow, I want you to see my factory." The phrase had a strange ring; I was born, raised and worked in East Chicago – Gary, but I never heard anyone say "my factory". It was "the plant", "the mill", "the factory" but never, ever "my factory".

At the home of Raul Ruiz, we drank beer, ate shrimp salad in the shade of the porch on a Sunday afternoon and talked. Raul, who has worked 25 years in a Havana soap factory which once belonged to Proctor and Gamble, spoke of what the revolution had meant: guaranteed workers rights for all workers, guaranteed medical care of every kind at no cost, guaranteed employment for everyone, guaranteed school for all the children, free education including the workers institutes and the university, free day care centers, a month paid vacation for all workers, a guarantee of 100 per cent pay for any worker sick or injured, three months paid leave of absence for women workers who are pregnant, all rents abolished or no more than ten percent of wages.

"All of this is incorporated into every worker's life," said Alfredo. "And, you know, we are communists, we don't pay taxes, we don't pay insurance, we don't pay to see baseball games or any sports, we don't pay for phones – there is no such thing as a pay phone in Cuba – we don't pay electricity bills, we don't pay water bills, we don't pay bankers for mortgages. If we have a problem, it is money – we have too much of it. I understand the imperialists are upset because we don't have many things to buy in our stores. But this (lack of consumer goods) is not our problem. Our problem is underdevelopment, that is what we are fighting, to build our nation, our future. That is why we do voluntary work, not to shop in a store, but to enrich our people."

The struggle against underdevelopment is a daily battle, a full combat, a war. The United States has blockaded Cuba's imports for twelve years, but the Cuban Revolution has fed its people, developed its schools, developed its economy, satisfied the needs of its people, and kept its machines running. Cuba has accomplished this with the full democratic participation of the people in their work, in their mass organizations. "There is a human solidarity here," a co-worker once told me as we worked at the Luis Melian plant. "We know that before the revolution we produced to make a few rich capitalists richer, and now we know we produce to benefit the people, all of the people, not to make any one person rich. The other thing is that the workers participate in all the decisions here. That has created a tremendous strength and awareness."

At the Fabrica Sergio Gonzales, a box factory where I also worked, the first 16 workers I met were blind. All were working machines. "Before the revolution," one of the men told us, " we would have been or were beggars. But that has ended. We are leading productive lives, we are fully incorporated within the revolution. Every blind person in Cuba, every hadicapped person can lead a useful, fulfilling life. The isolation has ended."

Whenever a machine broke down, as we worked, there was an instant gathering about it, thirty to fourty theories on how to fix it, Cuban worker's repartee. They would take apart and put together the moving parts, and within minutes, Cuban Technology had triumphed, and the machine was back in production. "Cuban Technology?" responded one worker. "I guess it's a U.S. made machine held together with Soviet, Chinese, Bulgarian, French, English and (East) German parts, and a Cuban who can put them all together and make it produce."

During a break, a Cuban worker said he wanted to show us a machine no longer working: it was a small green stamping machine with a hand-lettered sign fixed to it. "That was Che's machine," he said. "When Che Guevara was minister of economy he used to come to this factory every Sunday to do his volunteer work. Che was a hard worker. After his death, the workers voted to retire that machine. Then we realized that Che would not like that. So we kept it running 'til it broke down completely, THEN we retired it . . . You know, when we learned Che had been murdered in Bolivia by the imperialists, one million people went out into the streets of Havana. So strange was the silence. I can't describe it – one million people in absolute silence."

The strength of the Cuban people, their spirit, the irreversibility of the Cuban Revolution, is expressed everywhere – in the factories, the homes, the streets; again, again, and again. "Listen", another Cuban worker said to me. "We have a lot to fight for. We are never going back. This factory has a long tradition of struggle. People from here struggled in the strikes in the 1930's, they worked in the underground, they participated in the general strikes against the Batista tyranny. Workers from this plant fought at Giron (Bay of Pigs). . . It would be wrong to think every worker here is a conscious communist, because it is not the case. But everyone here is a worker, and ready to fight with his life to defend our revolution. And today is not 1961 (Bay of Pigs). Today, we could have 1,000,000 Cubans in arms, mobilized, and moving within eight hours. We are never going to give up our revolution. We know that we workers, are building the future."

4TH OF JULY, 1973

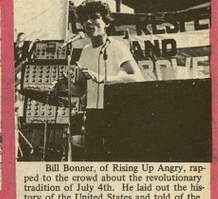
On July 4th, Rising Up Angry sponsored and organized a People's Celebration. Over the course of the day more than 3,000 people of all ages and races came to Caldwell Woods, in Northwest Chicago, to have a good time and build the revolution with Rising Up Angry.

Most everyone had a real good time. There were games for the kids, a watermelon-eating contest, speeches, and softball games in addition to the music. Six bands played dynamite music for the people. These were Electric Smoke, Blimp, Wizard, Taxi, Killin' Floor, and Brotherhood (who unfortunately did not get to play because of a time problem - we apologize to Brotherhood.)

The day was a great success. Rising Up Angry would like to thank all those people who helped on security, clean-up, and all other aspects of work that were necessary to make this event happen. Most of all, we want to thank everyone who came and had a good time.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

5 bands helped keep the people dancing.



Bill Bonner, of Rising Up Angry, rapped to the crowd about the revolutionary tradition of July 4th. He laid out the history of the United States and told of the people's struggles that have gone on in the past.

Love, Respect, and All Power to the People!

Helium ballons were given to the children.

Parents & children enjoying the People's Olympics.

A few of the members of the first aid team from the Fritzi Englestein Free People's Health Center.

Entrants in the watermelon-eating contest devoured 12 melons in 15 seconds.

Entrants in the watermelon-eating contest devoured 12 melons in 15 seconds.

A few of the entrants in the People's Olympics.

Many people had their shirts or coats silkscreened.

Some of the 3000 people enjoying the 4th of July picnic.

WE'VE GOT TO RESPECT EACH OTHER

While the picnic at Caldwell Woods went smoothly for the most part, there were also some negative aspects. The shootings and stabbings that occurred at the adjoining campsite made these problems much more clear and showed them to be very dangerous problems that must be dealt with seriously. For this reason, we feel that we cannot talk about the good aspects at our picnic without mentioning the bad aspects and also talking about the unfortunate events that happened in the vicinity.

Rising Up Angry is a revolutionary organization. We feel that the capitalist system in the United States oppresses the people by forcing the majority of people to live in poor and sub-standard conditions. The schools, the factories, the courts, the military, the police, the hospitals, and all other institutions in the society must be transformed to make them serve the people. In order to do this, we must make a revolution and put the power in the hands of the people.

But when we talk about revolution, it's important that we go beyond changing "institutions" - we've got to change people, because revolution is about human beings. Changes are made by people and we've got to understand each other and figure out a way that we can organize ourselves to make a revolution.

Rising Up Angry quite often sponsors and organizes cultural events such as the People's Dances and the July 4th Celebration. We do this in order to bring large numbers of people together to begin to build unity and a collective spirit. The system keeps us divided - race against race, men against women, young against old - Rising Up Angry sponsors cultural events to bring all these people together under a revolutionary banner.

The July 4th event was successful in bringing many people together from all over the city. There were families, working people, young people, and old people of all races. This was good.

When all the people got together in Caldwell Woods there were also some negative things. The first thing that annoyed many people was the fireworks. Firecrackers were shot off with no consideration for the safety and well-being of other people, especially the young children. This lack of consideration coupled with the tensions that naturally develop from the continual explosions create an uneasiness in the air.

Secondly, the overuse and abuse of drugs and alcohol by some makes it more difficult for the rest of the people to have a calm and mellow day. One hour after the picnic began there were people who were throwing up and passing out. Whether or not these people had a better time than those people that didn't get wasted is not the point. The point is that we're trying to build a culture where you don't need to block reality out of your mind. We want to learn how to relate to each other better so that all the brothers and sisters can get along. People staggering around and nodding out make it difficult for everyone to get to know each other better.

The third thing is the gang-banging and other fights. While most of the people at Caldwell Woods were real good about cooling out trouble and keeping things peaceful, there were some fights at the picnic. Some of this comes from racism; most of it comes from the fact that a lot of people are angry and frustrated about their lives so they strike out against the closest thing. As time goes on we must all learn to channel our energies and hatred in a direction that will not harm the people.

The most serious tragedy of July 4th at Caldwell Woods was that some fights broke out in the picnic area just across the field from the Rising Up Angry event. According to reports, 12 people were injured; some of these people were shot, some stabbed, and some beaten with baseball bats. We don't know exactly what caused this fight - some say a hassle over dope, others say an argument over a baseball game. Whatever the immediate cause, we know it wasn't worth anyone getting hurt.

Even though the shooting was not related to the Rising Up Angry picnic, it affected us greatly. It's hard to have a good time when we know that our brothers and sisters are fighting and possibly killing each other.

Shooting someone seems like an easy way to let out your frustrations, but when the smoke clears you've got more problems than when you started. The real solution is not so easy. It's a process and it'll take a while. First of all, you've got to love the people. Second, you've got to respect the people. And when that's together, we'll be strong enough and powerful enough to change this system and this government so that we will be able to sit in the park on a sunny afternoon with thousands of people and we'll all have a cool and mellow time.

LOVE, RESPECT, AND ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

NIXON'S NEW BUDGET... $319.1 MILLION LOSS FOR THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO

Since the Watergate investigation, very little attention has been paid to the Nixon administration's cuts in the proposed 1973-74 federal budget. The Watergate bugging incident is one result of a corrupt political machinery over which we have little control, but Nixon is guilty of more than corruption.

The proposed budget cuts show that Nixon is callous and unresponsive to the needs of poor and working people. In Chicago alone, the cuts amount to $319.1 million loss for many social welfare programs that are wholly or partially funded by the government. If the new budget is approved by Congress, it will result in the following losses:

- Housing — $107.7 million will be lost annually for low and middle income housing units.
- Health care — $27.7 million:

  a) In December a hypertension program serving 2,000 Southside residents will be closed.

  b) 23,000 people in Chicago will no longer be treated by maternity and child health programs.

  c) The rat control program will be cut in half.

  d) $907,000, which was supposed to fund neighborhood health centers under the Hill—Burton Act will be cut.
- Medicare — Changes in Medicare guidelines will result in the aged paying $23.1 million for doctor's and hospital bills heretofore paid by Medicare.
- Poverty Programs — $50 million

  a) Twelve urban progress centers will be closed.

  b) The model cities program serving the Woodlawn, Lawndale, Uptown, and near South Side area (all poverty stricken) will have $20 million in funds withheld and will be closed down by June 30, 1974.
- Day Care — New regulations will require frequent tests to determine income. No—cost services are limited to families whose income does not exceed 150% of the state's welfare payments. Since Illinois' welfare payments are very low, most working families will not receive such services.
- Education — $7 million

  a) A reduction in the number of bilingual teacher's aides.

  b) Chicago will lose $852,000 in 1974 for its free breakfast program and a reduction in the $400,000 U.S.D.A. program to subsidize milk for children in school.

And these are only some of the budget cuts as they affect Chicago. Others include all funding for summer jobs, a job-hunting program, five on—the—job training programs, etc. Nationally, the new budget would slash $175,000,000 from the various manpower training programs and projects, and a cut of $985,000,000 in these programs by 1975.

It is in the area of health care, however, that the proposed cut—backs will have the sharpest impact. If the Nixon administration succeeds in shutting down these programs, it could have the following results:

- 5,000 maternity patients will be unable to obtain badly needed services that until now have received federal funding.
- The Chicago Board of Health expects the infant mortality rate to rise because of reductions in programs to treat children.
- 7,000 low-income women will not obtain family-planning advice.
- 20,000 children now receiving medical care under programs scheduled to be cut will not receive such care after June 30, 1973.
- Programs to prevent venereal disease and to detect cancer and heart disease will be denied to 132,000 out of the 200,000 now receiving this service.

Lead poisoning testing will be cut. Many of these programs have been funded by the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO). It is revealing to look at the history of this office since the beginning of the year.

On January 31, 1973 Nixon appointed one of his cronies, Howard Phillips, as temporary head of OEO. Phillips' job under the law is to coordinate OEO's activities; but he was appointed in fact to use OEO funds in dismantling the program. His goal was to phase out OEO within the year.

An internal OEO staff report expressing Phillips' (and Nixon's) ideas states that "a constitutional confrontation is where the (Nixon) administration is most vulnerable. Opposition can claim clear law and intent for OEO to continue. . ." In other words, Phillips knew from the beginning that dismantling OEO is illegal.

The report goes on to say that "unless a focus on OEO is politically desirable (for Nixon, that is) program shutdowns should be prompt, before opposition (to OEO's destruction) musters strength to put humpty dumpty together again. . ." The Nixon administration wanted to shut down the anti—poverty programs before anyone knew about it!

They have not won yet, however. In April, U.S. District Court Judge William B. Jones, in response to a suit brought against Phillips, prohibited the administration from dismantling OEO. And in June, the same judge ruled that Nixon appointed Phillips illegally in the first place.

At best these programs allocate only a small fraction of the federal budget to social welfare programs. Instead of increasing the amount of money for services to the people, Nixon has tried to eliminate the small amount that already exists without replacing it with new and better concrete programs. At the same time that Nixon tries to ice anti—poverty programs (nation—wide, social services were cut over $10 billion), Nixon's new budget proposal increases military funding by more than $3 billion. While most previous presidents never have done much for the poor, Nixon is more obvious in his contempt for the poeple. His proposed budget is nothing less than a double attack. The cutbacks from social service programs attack the people by increasing poverty and the increased military spending is an attack on the freedom—seeking people for whom the new weapons are meant.

RUA PROGRAMS TO SERVE THE PEOPLE

FREE HEALTH CARE: The Fritzi Englestein Free People's Health Center at 2747 N. Wilton Avenue is a Rising Up Angry Program. The Clinic provides free medical care (due to limited facilities) mainly in the Clinic's neighborhood. When patients cannot be treated at the Clinic, we send patient advocates with them to other medical institutions to make sure they get good care. The Clinic is open on:

TUESDAY NIGHTS - 6 to 9 p.m.
WEDNESDAY NIGHTS - 6 to 9 p.m.

For information call 348-8578 during the Clinic hours.

LEGAL PROGRAM: Our Legal Program deals with criminal cases, housing, welfare, civil cases, divorce, military, consumer fraud, labor law, or just hassles of any kind with the law. Our lawyers are inexpensive and sometimes free. No one is turned away for lack of money. There are 3 Legal Clinics:

WEDNESDAY NIGHTS - 7 to 9 p.m.
RISING UP ANGRY - 2744 N. Lincoln
Phone: 472-1791

TUESDAY NIGHTS - 7 to 9 p.m.
ALBANY PARK COMMUNITY CENTER
4949 N. Kedzie, Phone: 588-8735

WEDNESDAY NIGHTS - 7 to 9 p.m.
SOUTH SIDE LEGAL CLINIC
3055 S. Lawndale, Phone: 472-1791

472-1791 BOX 3746 MDSE. MART CHGO. 60654

WHAT'S GOING ON....

The good weather is here and what's going on is a lot of partying. This issue of RUA has pictures from some of the parties. We hope the other parties around the city are as mellow as these. . .

The beaches have been crowded with people relaxing, taking in the sun and having a good time. When I was at the North Ave. beach I saw a little incident which showed, in a subtle way, how racism makes life for Black people more difficult, even at the beach. A lot of people, of all colors, were riding by on bicycles, many of the bikes being those fancy–looking ten–speed jobs. All of a sudden a white police sergeant on a three–wheel motorcycle stops two Black brothers riding on their bikes. Then, two more three–wheelers and a paddy wagon came on the scene. The sergeant then had one of his flunkies check out the bikes to see if they were stolen.

After the check, it turned out that the bikes really did belong to the brothers and they went on their way. But what gets me is this: I was sitting there all day and saw nobody else, certainly no white people, get stopped and checked for stolen bikes. So I said to one of the cops who was giving out parking tickets: "Hey, does that sergeant stop people of all nationalities and check to see if their bikes are stolen?" The patrolman said (without seeming to believe it), "I guess so; I'm not sure this is the first day I worked with him." I returned: "I'll bet he doesn't, and I bet he's a damn racist." Then I went home with this little picture of racism in my mind.

* * *

Remember that Foreman. H.S. editorial. The last paper of the year included half a page of replies supporting RUA. One letter was signed by **John Truncale**, who tells it like it is. It's good to see support coming from the students themselves. Right on.

* * *

Rising Up Angry expresses its sorrow on the tragic death of sister **Tina Koski**. Tina was killed last month at the Aragon Ballroom in Uptown. Leaving the dance with friends, she was accidently the victim of a bullet fired by a fool shooting into the crowd. Apparently the shooting was connected to a fight between rival clubs (gangs) who show no respect for themselves, each other, and especially the innocent people, like Tina, who are the ones who suffer most. Tina will always be remembered by her many friends from Schurz H.S. and the Lathrop Homes (Diversey-Damen-Clybourn Projects).

* * *

Power to **David Pringo, Ann Dobosz, Jimmy James, Sunshine Montacuo, and Tom Love.** They are some of the people who go around Foster Beach with those big garbage can liners and pick up all kinds of junk. Right on, brothers and sisters.

* * *

Over at **Riis Park** on Fullerton and Austin the young people are still being harassed. On Saturday, June 9th, at 10 P.M. six squad cars, two wagons and two unmarked cars surrounded the park. By the time the cops got through, eight people were arrested for minor drinking and disorderly conduct. One brother had his head knocked into a brick wall by one of the cops. Although he needed to see a doctor, he was brought to the station instead and he wasn't brought to the hospital until his father got to the station. . .

Riis Park

Brothers and sisters who hang at **Indian Road Park** (Austin and Madison) are being harassed and thrown out of the park at 7 P.M. Supposedly, the park is a non-loitering park (whatever that means) and you're not allowed to sit around and talk.

* * *

Rising Up Angry was sorry to learn that sister **Pandy McDonald** was shot in the leg at Armitage and Sawyer. The incident stemmed from a hassle between several people from different neighborhoods which started over the way some brothers treated some sisters. Representatives from the groups concerned planned to have a one on one fight, but before that happened, someone came up by Armitage and Sawyer and started shooting. Pandy was the accidental victim of one of the bullets fired by the fool. People should take this as another example of why it is necessary for all of us to develop more understanding and respect for each other so that many of these senseless hassles, that result in innocent people getting hurt, can be avoided.

* * *

Birthdays: **Ronnie Myers** from Armitage and Kedzie was 11 on June 30. . . **Liz Bell** turned 16 on June 27th. . . **Sue Kiss** from Haugan School turned 18 on July 1. . .

Congratulations to **Jim Powell & Doreen Brown** who were married June 30th.

Skip Schmitt is a fantastic drummer and is looking for a band to join. Call him at 471–4897. . .

Linda Weber – get well soon from **Juanita and Sylvia**. . . The brothers and sisters from Albany Park want **Marty Hill** to recover from his stomach operation real soon. . . Hope your eye gets better to **Kevin Seymour**, who was beat up by ten men at Sox Park while the pigs stood around and laughed. . .

People from Powell Park say thanks to **Don Barstow** for being a good neighbor. UPO thanks **Jose Camacho** and the band **Mixed People; Joe Wright and Sabata and Jamala** for providing all day music at the People's Picnic. . .

* * *

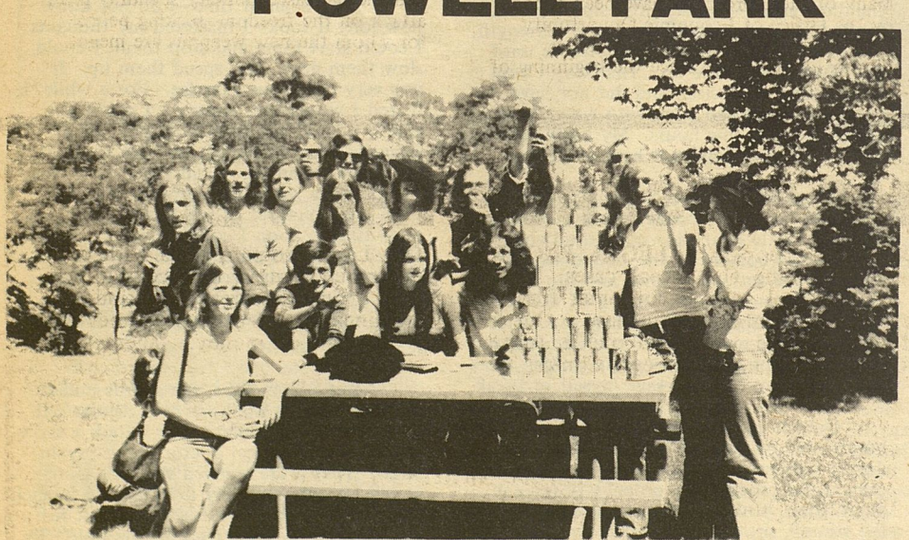
The Spare Things Cooperative needs help. Contact Charles Masina, at 935 N. Milwaukee, Wheeling, Illinois.

* * *

Commander Rae of the 19th District has given out T-shirts to little kids in the neighborhood. On the front it says "19th District Police" and on the back it says "Rae's Raiders". The young people wear it because it has pretty colors and because it's free. But, except for his inflated ego, why does Rae hand these out? He's probably trying to get people to like him and the rest of the police. Actually, the problem is the other way around. We have to try to get the police to like the people. Maybe we should give T-shirts to all the cops – on it could be written: "Respect the People".

LOVE, RESPECT, AND ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Waukegan POWELL PARK



"Powell Park is the best park in town, and we aren't going to leave no matter what the pigs do."
People from Powell park

"Don't you kids ever learn your lesson? If we have to come down there every single day this summer, we'll arrest somebody every day."
Waukegan Pigs

Quiet and peaceful Powell Park in Waukegan has turned into a battle ground with the police with their guns, clubs and squad cars on one side and the people on the other side trying to stay out of jail for sitting in the park.

For many years young people from the neighborhood around Powell Park have been hanging around in the park on warm days and nights. There has always been harassment from the police, but never anything like this year. This year it is different from other years. There were more people in the park and they were more together. People dug having a place to go to see friends and maybe have a couple of beers. The park is always kept clean and hardly any mess is made because a lot of people see the park as their second home.

But the police decided to try and evict us from the park. For the two weeks up to June 24, the pigs had terror raids every day and every night. Two or three squad cars would come flying down the hill into the park, tearing up the grass. Then the cops stop and jump out with clubs, never saying anything except, "You're under arrest." The people are smarter than the pigs so most of the time we get away. But last week the raids came so often and so fast that about 13 people were busted. They are trying to run us out of the park, but Powell Park isn't going to give up. The people are going to try and figure out a way to protect ourselves from the police terror and brutality, and we are also going to try to keep the park for the people.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

FREEDOM

HUEY P. NEWTON

Locked in jail, within a jail, my mind is still free. . . . What if a person was so oriented that the loss of no material thing could cause him mental disorganization? This is the free agent. -George Jackson, *Soledad Brother*

Jail is an odd place to find freedom, but that was the place I first found mine: in the Alameda County Jail in Oakland in 1964. This jail is located on the tenth floor of the Alameda County Court House, the huge, white building we call 'Moby Dick.' When I was falsely convicted of the assault against Odell Lee, Judge Dieden sent me there to await sentencing. Shortly after I arrived, I was made a trusty, which gave me an opportunity to move about freely. Conditions were not good; in fact, the place blew up a few weeks later, when the inmates refused to go on eating starches and split-pea soup at almost every meal, and went on a food strike. I joined them. When we were brought our split-pea soup, we hurled it back through the bars, all over the walls, and refused to lock up in our cells.

I was the only trusty who took part in the strike, and because I could move between cell blocks, they charged me with organizing it. True, I had carried a few messages back and forth, but I was not an organizer then, not that it mattered to the jail administration. Trusties were supposed to go along with the Establishment in everything, and since I could not do that, I was slapped with the organizing label and put in the "hole" — what Black prisoners call the "soul breaker."

I was twenty-two years old, and I had been in jail before on various beefs, mostly burglary and petty larceny. My parents were pretty sick of me in my late teens and the years following, so I had to depend on Sonny Man to come up from Los Angeles, or wherever he was, to bail me out. Since I had been "given" to him, he came whenever he could. But sometimes I could not find him. At any rate, I was no stranger to jail by 1964, although I had never been in extreme solitary confinement.

Within jail, there are four levels of confinement: segregation, isolation, and solitary—the "soul breaker." You can be in jail in jail, but the soul breaker is your "last" end of the world. In 1964, there were two of these deprivation cells at the Alameda County Court House; each was four and a half feet wide, by six feet long, by ten feet high. The floor was dark red rubber tile, and the walls were black. If the guards wanted to, they could turn on a light in the ceiling, but I was always kept in the dark, and nude. That is part of the deprivation, why the soul breaker is called a strip cell. Sometimes the prisoner in the other cell would get a blanket, but they never gave me one. He sometimes got toilet paper, too—the limit was two squares—and when he begged for more, he was told no, that is part of the punishment. There was no bunk, no washbasin, no toilet, nothing but bare floors, bare walls, a solid steel door, and a round hole four inches in diameter and six inches deep in the middle of the floor. The prisoner was supposed to urinate and defecate in this hole.

A half-gallon milk carton filled with water was my liquid for the week. Twice a day and always at night the guards brought a little cup of cold split-pea soup, right out of the can. Sometimes during the day they brought "fruit loaf," a patty of cooked vegetables mashed together into a little ball. When I first went in there, I wanted to eat and stay healthy, but soon I realized that was another trick, because when I ate I had to defecate. At night no light came in under the door. I could not even find the hole if I had wanted to. If I was desperate, I had to search with my hand; when I found it, the hole was always slimy with the filth that had gone in before. I was just like a mole looking for the sun; I hated finding it when I did. After a few days the hole filled up and overflowed, so that I could not lie down without wallowing in my own waste. Once every week or two the guards ran a hose into the cell and washed out the urine and defecation. This cleared the air for a while and made it all right to take a deep breath. I had been told I would break before fifteen days were up. Most men did. After two or three days they would begin to scream and beg for someone to come and take them out, and the captain would pay a visit and say, "We don't want to treat you this way. Just come out now and abide by the rules and don't be so arrogant. We'll treat you fairly. The doors here are large." To tell the truth, after two or three days I *was* in bad shape. Why I did not break I do not know. Stubbornness, probably. I did not want to beg. Certainly my resistance was not connected to any kind of ideology or program. That came later. Anyway, I did not scream and beg; I learned the secrets of survival.

One secret was the same that Mahatma Gandhi learned—to take little sips of nourishment, just enough to keep up one's strength, but never enough to have to defecate until the fifteen days were up. That way I kept the air somewhat clean and did not have the overflow. I did the same with water, taking little sips every few hours. My body absorbed all of it, and I did not have to urinate.

There was another, more important secret, one that took longer to learn. During the day a little light showed in the two-inch crack at the bottom of the steel door. At night, as the sun went down and the lights clicked off one by one, I heard all the cells closing, and all the locks. I held my hands up in front of my face, and soon I could not see them. For me, that was the testing time, the time when I had to save myself or break.

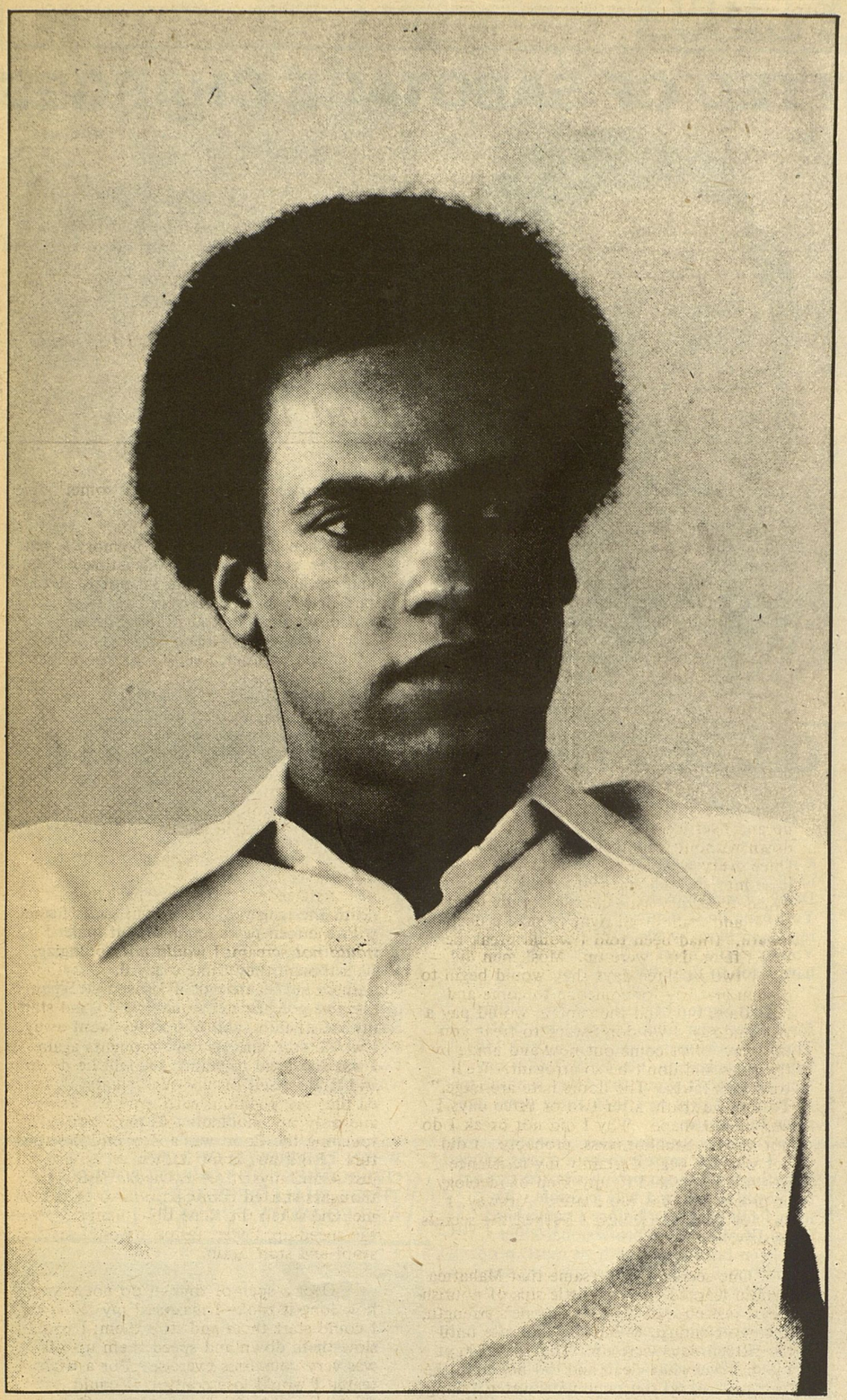
Outside jail, the brain is always being bombarded by external stimuli. These ordinary sights and sounds of life help to keep our mental processes in order, rational. In deprivation, you have to somehow replace the stimuli, provide an interior environment for yourself. Ever since I was a little boy I have been able to overcome stress by calling up pleasant thoughts. So very soon I began to reflect on the most soothing parts of my past, not to keep out any evil thoughts, but to reinforce myself in some kind of rewarding experience. Here I learned something. This was different.

When I had a pleasant memory, what was I to do with it? Should I throw it out and get another or try to keep it to entertain myself as long as possible? If you are not disciplined, a strange thing happens. The pleasant thought comes, and then another and another, like quick cuts flashing vividly across a movie screen. At first they are organized. Then they start to pick up speed, pushing in on top of one another, going faster, faster, faster, faster. The pleasant thoughts are not so pleasant now; they are horrible and grotesque caricatures, whirling around in your head. Stop! I heard myself say, stop, stop, stop. I did not scream. I was able to stop them. Now what do I do?

I started to exercise, especially when I heard the jangle of keys as the guards came with the split-pea soup and fruit loaf. I *would not* scream; I *would not* apologize, even though they came every day, saying they would let me out if I gave in. When they were coming, I would get up and start my calisthenics, and when they went away, I would start the pleasant thoughts again. If I was too tired to stand, I would lie down and find myself on my back. Later, I learned that my position, with my back arched and only my shoulders and tight buttocks touching the floor, was a Zen Buddhist posture. I did not know it then, of course; I just found myself on my back. When the thoughts started coming again, to entertain me, and when the same thing happened with the speed-up, faster, faster, I would say, stop! and start again.

Over a span of time—I do not know how long it took—I mastered my thoughts. I could start them and stop them; I could slow them down and speed them up. It was very conscious exercise. For a while, I feared I would lose control. I could not think; I could not stop thinking. Only later did I learn through practice to go at the speed I wanted. I call them film clips, but they are really thought patterns, the most vivid pictures of my family, girls, good times. Soon I could lie with my back arched for hours on end, and I placed no importance on the passage of time. Control. I learned to control my food, my body, and my mind through a deliberate act of will.

After fifteen days, the guards pulled me out and sent me back to a regular cell for twenty-four hours, where I took a shower and saw a medical doctor and a psychiatrist. They were worried that prisoners would become mentally disorganized in such deprivation. Then, because I had not repented, they sent me back to the hole. By then it held no fears for me. I had won my freedom.



Huey P. Newton

Soul breakers exist because the authorities know that such conditions would drive *them* to the breaking point, but when I resolved that they would not conquer my will, I became stronger than they were. I understood them better than they understood me. No longer dependent on the things of the world, I felt really free for the first time in my life. In the past I had been like my jailers; I had pursued the goals of capitalistic America. Now I had a higher freedom.

Most people who know me do not realize that I have been in and out of jail for the past twelve years. They know only of my eleven months in solitary in 1967, waiting for the murder trial to bebin, and the twenty-two months at the Penal Colony after that. But 1967 would not have been possible without 1964. I could not have handled the Penal Colony solitary without the soul breaker behind me. Therefore, I cannot tell inexperienced young comrades to go into jail and into solitary that that is the way to defy the author[illegible] and exercise their freedom. I know what solitary can do to a man.

The strip cell has been outlawed throughout the United States. Prisoners I talk to in California tell me it is no longer in use on the West Coast. That was the work of Charles Garry, the lawyer who defended me in 1968, when he [illegible] the case of Warren Wells, a Black Panther accused of shooting a policeman. The Supreme Court of California said it was an outrage to human decency to put any man [illegible] such extreme deprivation. Of course, prisons have their ways, and o[illegible]ght now, somewhere, prisoners without lawyers are probably lying in their own filth in the soul breaker.

I was in the hole for a month. My sentence, when it came, was for six months on the county farm at Santa Rita, about fifty miles south of Oakland. This is an honor camp with no walls, and the inmates are not locked up. There is a barbed-wire fence, but anyone can easily walk off during the daytime. The inmates work at tending livestock, harvesting crops, and doing other farm work.

I was not in the honor camp long. A few days after I arrived, I had a fight with a fat Black inmate named Bojack, who served in the mess hall. Bojack was a diligant enforcer of small helpings, and I was a "dipper." Whenever Bojack turned away, I would dip for more with my spoon. One day he tried to prevent me from dipping, and I called him for protecting the oppressor's interests and smashed him with a steel tray. When they pulled me off him, I was hustled next door to Graystone, the maximum security prison at Santa Rita.

Here, prisoners are locked up all day inside a stone building. Not only that. I was put in solitary confinement for the remaining months of my sentence. Because of my experience in the hole, I could survive. Still, I did not submit willingly. The food was bad in Graystone as it had been in Alameda, and I constantly protested about that and the lack of heat in my cell. Half the time we had no heat at all.

Whenever you go in prison there are disturbed inmates. One on my block at Santa Rita screamed night and day as loudly as he could; his vocal cords seemed made of iron. From time to time, the guards came into his cell and threw buckets of cold water on him. Gradually, as the inmate wore down, the scream became a croak and then a squeak and then a whisper. Long after he gave out, the sound lingered in my head.

The Santa Rita administration finally got disgusted with my continual complaints and protests and shipped me back to the jail in Oakland, where I spent the rest of my time in solitary. By then I was used to the cold. Even now, I do not like any heat at all wherever I stay, no matter what the outside temperature. Even so, the way I was treated told me a lot about those who devised such punishment. I know them well.

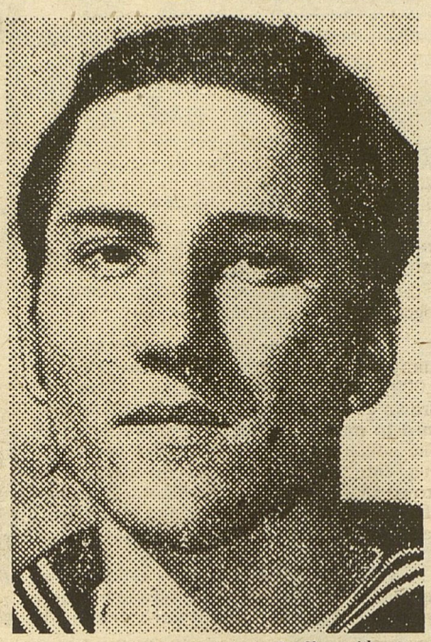
This is an excerpt from the book REVOLUTIONARY SUICIDE, by Huey P. Newton. The book is published by Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, and is available at most bookstores.

G.I.'S ON THE MOVE

SAILOR ACQUITTED OF SABOTAGE CHARGES

On June 12, Navy Fireman Pat Chenoweth who had been charged with sabotaging the aircraft acrrier U.S.S. Ranger "in time of war" was acquitted of all charges. Specifically, the Navy tried to convict Chenoweth of dropping a paint scraper and bolts into the Ranger's reduction gears causing $986,000 in damages and delaying the ship's departure for Vietnam. Pat was known for his anti–war, anti–military views and the Navy tried to frame him as an example to all sailors who hated the Navy.

However, after the six day trial the court martial board of three enlisted men and two officers voted for acquittal because of lack of evidence. The acquittal is a big victory for sailors because the Navy went to great pains to convict Chenoweth and make him an example. But people all over the country rallied to Pat's defense. So after spending nearly eleven months in the brig Brother Pat is out and now is trying to get a discharge from the Navy. Pat said that it was "gratifying not only to be free but to have beaten the Navy." He also went on to say: "Military prisons are still brimming with people, and their numbers will probably grow because armies fighting racist, imperialist wars will, by their nature have to continue repressing their members."



Pat Chenowith

For the Navy, Chenoweth's acquittal is a major defeat because they could not make him a scapegoat for the sabotage going on everywhere. Since Pat was arrested the number of cases of sabotage aboard the Ranger increased dramatically. Engine room equipment was repeatedly put out of commission, fire hoses were cut, and the fresh water supply was completely contaminated on two occasions. There were at least three fires on the ship in the months after the reduction gears were ruined, and twenty "bomb scare" phone calls were made from phones on board. And the number of AWOL's greatly increased.

Not only on the Ranger but on ships and bases all over the world sailors are reacting to their hatred of military life by doing everything they can to stop the Navy. It's not just a few isolated individuals. The reason, as brother Pat Chenoweth says, is that the U.S. military is "the most dehumanizing machine in the world. . . the major genocidal force around the globe."

FREE THE G.I.'S
PUT THE PIG IN THE BRIG

GREAT LAKES BUST

On Thursday, June 28th, the military authorities at Great Lakes Naval Training Center showed their utter stupidity and total disregard for the rights of both sailors and civilians. Here's what happened: A bunch of sailors and some civilians were sitting on the bridge on the hospital side of the base. Some people had leaflets about the 4th of July picnic at Caldwell Woods and were giving them out to their friends and to other people walking past the bridge. Everyone was having a good time.

Then, at about 8 o'clock, two pigs from security pull up. Quickly they confiscated some leaflets about the picnic and also got the military ID's from the sailors who were sitting on the bridge. Then, with lights flashing, a paddy wagon pulls up and twelve sailors and three civilians were herded into it. Everyone was "rushed" to the Great Lakes security office (pig sty) for distributing "unauthorized literature" (picnic leaflets).

Once inside, the pigs proceeded to take down all the pertinent information on the sailors. This information will become part of the permanent record to be followed up on. In other words, for sitting on the bridge these sailors have been branded potential troublemakers by the Navy. The three civilians were given tickets for "entering military reservation for purpose prohibited by law" facing a possible $50.00 fine.

The whole thing is so petty and stupid that it seems funny. But when you really think about it, it's not that funny because now those "potential troublemaker" sailors might face more harassment for any "trouble" on base. It is also just a small example of how sailors aren't allowed any basic civil rights – like reading leaflets about a picnic without permission of their C.O. The Navy thinks by harassing sailors they can stop brothers and sisters from reading or distributing "unauthorized" literature such as Rising Up Angry; but actions like the bust on the bridge only increase GI's desire to organize against the Navy, and mean that more people will be distributing and reading RUA at Great Lakes.

POWER TO THE SAILORS!
ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

G.I. LETTER FROM GERMANY

Brothers and Sisters of Angry,

How's the windy city and that hell of a system you're living in? Having lived in the Bogan area, I feel that Chicago with Daley's machine is by far (next to New York) the most depressing, controlled and repressed place in the United States. You're in the heart of the monster and have a lot to fight for.

Last September I joined the military for a three year hitch to avoid the draft. Three years is worse than two in this kill-happy organization, but I was told a carload of bullshit about the Army sending me to Nam or Egypt so I took three years and came to Europe.

I consider myself to be a strong-minded, sometimes stubborn person who carries out his ideals in the best way possible. At least I felt that way before I came here. Since I've become a professional killer I've been bombarded with so much propaganda that I can't believe where by head's at.

Our company needs your help. Our whole Brigade does, rather. We are repressed bad. That is usual to the military, but we were issued a C.O. (commanding officer) two months ago who is definitely the Pig.

We now have no locks on our doors in the barracks so the lifers here barge in any time. They take this opportunity to confiscate any liturature which they don't approve of. They take anything, even material which was bought at our local "Stars & Stripes" censored pig store.

We are allowed no posters on our walls, no pictures or anything on or in our wall lockers. They tell us what color to paint our room, what time our lights go out and what we can't wear. For example we can not wear sandals whatsoever. No T–shirts without a covering jacket or coat. No shirts with quotes or pictures that are against anything that our materialistic pig society ideolizes and no patches can be worn. The top pigs say it is to show the European people in Germany that we Americans are healthy, programmed men in the great production society of the United States of Amerika. The German brothers and sisters are hip to what's going down and resent us being here, or any other army whatsoever.

My girlfriend sends me Angry monthly so I know what's going on in our struggle back in Chicago. My people here need help badly. We have to get together in order to change this zoo we are in.

I'm asking any brothers and sisters for help with information to sustain an underground people's paper over here in Germany. I will be forever grateful for anyone who could help in the littlest way in our struggle to live and not just exist. Enclosed is $6.00 for a year's subscription to Angry and $2.00 with my love to the struggle. Even though I am not there my heart is with you all.

Brother Tom,

WHEN THE POWER OF LOVE
OVERCOMES THE LOVE OF POWER
THERE SHALL BE PEACE
AND EQUALITY FOR ALL!

SUBSCRIBE TO RISING UP ANGRY
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PEOPLE'S PICNIC AT FOSS PARK

On Sunday, June 24th, The United People's Organization of Waukegan held a people's picnic at Foss Park. The great success of the picnic came as a result of the support and help of many people in the Waukegan area.

The idea for the picnic came up about two months ago. The first problem was raising the money necessary to put on the picnic so that the event could be free. To solve this problem, we had a paper drive and a car wash. Many people gave up their Saturdays to help with this project. When it came time for the picnic, many people got together and cooked up some tasty food.

The day of the picnic was nice and sunny – good picnic weather. More than 1,000 people came to the picnic. Black, Brown and white people ate, drank and listened to music together with no hassles at all. The police stayed out of the park because they didn't want to start anything with a crowd that big and that together. The mood of the crowd stayed mellow and everyone had a good time.

Bob, of UPO, gave a short rap in between bands. He talked about how the people are where it's at and that it's the people who

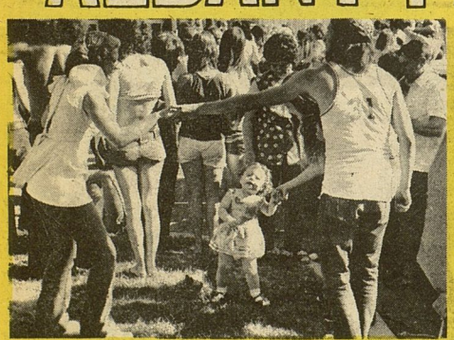
Some of the many people, including sailors from Great Lakes Naval Base, enjoying themselves at United Peoples' Organization picnic on June 24th. The band (above), "Mixed People" was one of several that helped entertain.

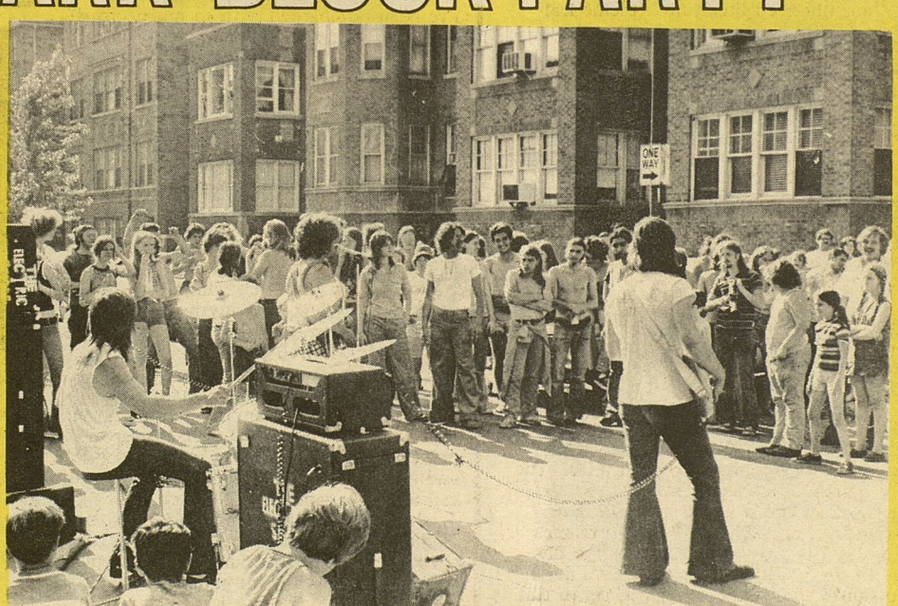
are going to change things by building a revolution.

Summer in Waukegan has been hot in ways other than the weather. The police and the politicians are pushing people around and people are starting to push back. The People's Picnic brought a lot of people together as a step toward building unity. This unity will continue to grow in the factories, neighborhoods, and parks so that the people can move as a united force – and no one in City Hall, the police department, or the White House is going to stop it.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

ALBANY PARK BLOCK PARTY





Last month, the residents of the 3700 block of Leland Avenue, the Albany Park Community Center, and people from the neighborhood got together and threw a block party that lasted from 2:00P.M. to 10:00 P.M. And it was fantastic. Over 300 people came to dig on the people, the food, and three dynamite bands. Wizard, Electric Smoke and Skinny Dynamo each did a great job.

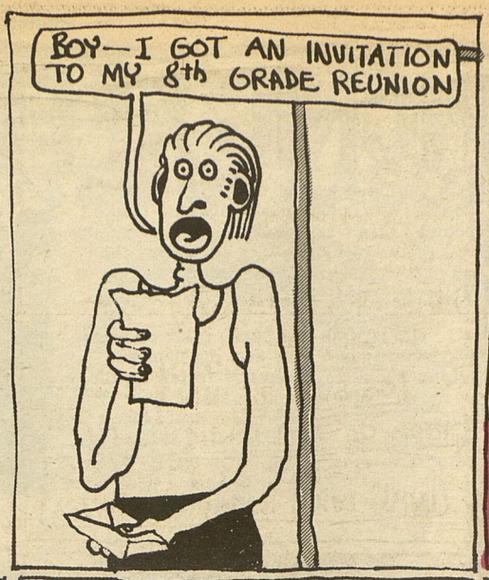
But the most beautiful thing was that everyone worked hard and worked together to make the party a success. People went door-to-door to get a petition signed in order to get a permit. Then we had to get equipment, food, cooking, cleaning up, security, and a thousand odds and ends.

Some of the people who helped were: Tom Gassman, Nick Pomper, Debbie Mozynski, Cheryl Orzechowski, Margaret Kwiatkowski, Mario Mason, Marty Hill, Donna Tricow, Jim Dougan, Pat Delach, Bob Adkins, Nancy Stout, Dave Mengarelli, Terry Mulligan, Scott Payne, Mark Dix, Mark Zatz, Wayne Margolis, Larry Melnick, Sam Andreakos, Bill Hickey, Eddie Williams, the Snowden family, Rick Scholl, Debbie Wirtz, and Barry Glazer.

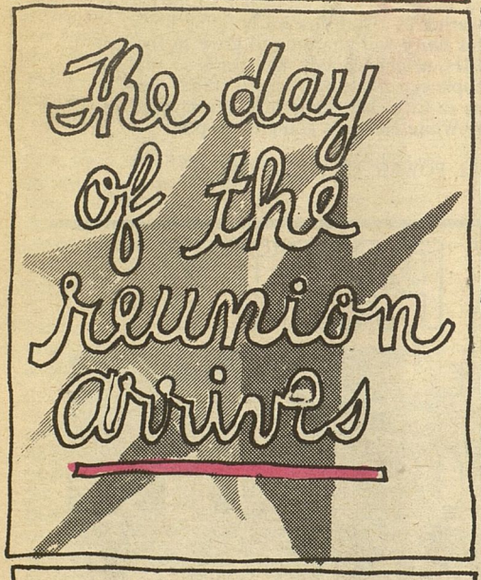
A lot of people wonder why Rising Up Angry says "Serve the People." People tell us that you have to look out for yourself. Well, a lot of people found out through their own hard work that love and happiness comes out of serving the people.

SERVE THE PEOPLE BODY AND SOUL!

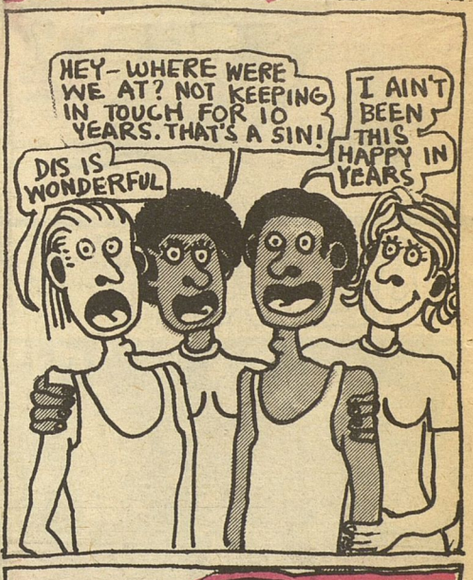
RISING UP ANGRY FUNNIES



SOMEWHERE ELSE...
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE EVERY-ONE AGAIN— MARY, PAULA, PETE, AND I WONDER WHAT HAROLD IS DOING? ALWAYS HAD A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER



HEY!! BOBBY! YOU'RE LOOKIN GREAT... YOU AIN'T CHANGED A BIT... HOW'S IT GOING
HEY!! PETE! WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING? WE'RE SURE GONNA GET IT ON
THERE'S MARY AND PAULA



YEAH! I WONDER WHAT THAT GUY ENDED UP DOING...
HE DIDN'T LIKE TO WORK
AND HE WAS SO GROUCHY
HAROLD JUST DROVE UP... BUT HE'S NOT COMING RIGHT IN.
HE'S WORKIN' ON OUR CARS